



VOICE OF MELODY

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THE

VOICE OF MELODY

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Hymn Tunes,

FOR CHOIRS, PRAYER-MEETINGS, CONGREGATIONS, AND
FAMILY USE.

BY

J. M. ARMSTRONG.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her deserts like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and THE VOICE OF MELODY."—*Isaiah* li. 3.

PHILADELPHIA:
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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1860.

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PREFACE.

IN adding, to the number of church-music books already published, a new claimant for popular favor, a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

Although many collections of sacred music have been recently issued, in but few instances has the convenience of the purchaser been consulted. Ordinarily, the volumes are too large to be conveniently carried from place to place, and generally contain much matter that is seldom of any practical use. Let the reader ask any one who is a member of a choir or is in the habit of using some particular collection, and he will find him familiar with perhaps one-tenth of the tunes in the book. A few new airs in each collection may command attention and secure popular regard, but the universal taste will be found to fix on the same old favorites. The remainder might almost as well be so much blank paper. The present work, it is believed, is not liable to this objection. With a few exceptions, the airs it contains are such as have proved themselves well adapted for use in devotional singing. The public must decide on the merits of the rest.

While not claiming much originality in performing his work, the editor must assume the merit of having, in many cases, restored the compositions to the state in which they came from the pens of

their authors. Those who desire to hear every author speak for himself will, he believes, thank him for this. The same rule has been adopted with regard to the stanzas accompanying the airs. No practice is more reprehensible than that of altering the words of a sterling old hymn to suit the whim of an editor,—the author of a hymn alone having the right to alter it. In this work, therefore, the endeavor has been to give the stanzas in their original state,—it may be, however, with partial success.

A valuable feature of the book is its portability. During the Revival Season of 1858-59, many must have felt the need of a tune-book containing all the music requisite in prayer-meeting singing, and yet small in bulk. Such a want it is hoped this volume will supply. The fine quality of the paper, and the extraordinary beauty and legibility of the type, will certainly enhance its value as a pocket-companion.

The thanks of the editor are due to Dr. Lowell Mason, Mr. W. B. Bradbury, Mr. Horace Waters, and Firth, Pond & Co. for the privilege of using several copyrighted airs, and to others for original contributions. With this acknowledgment, the editor submits *THE VOICE OF MELODY* to the public.

J. M. A.

THE
VOICE OF MELODY.

Anvern. L. M.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.

Triumph-ant Zi - on, Lift thy head From dust, and dark-ness, and the

dead: Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee

with thy Sa - viour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

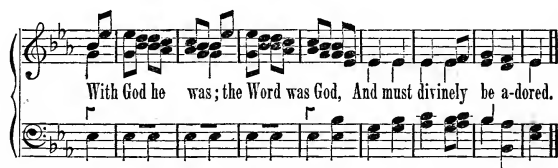
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

Arietta. L. M.

Arr. V. C. TAYLOR.



1 Before the heavens were spread abroad, From everlasting was the Word ;



With God he was ; the Word was God, And must divinely be a-dored.



2 By his own power were all things made ; By him supported, all things stand :



He is the whole cre - a - tion's head, And angels fly at his com-mand.

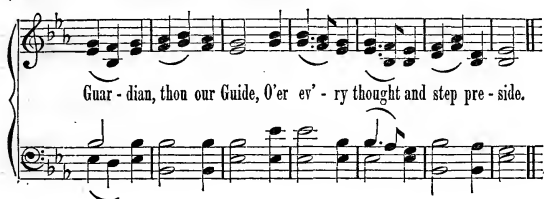
Arnon, or Gratitude. L. M.

BOST.



Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heaven - ly Dove, }
With light and com - fort from a - bove ; } Be thou our

Arnon.



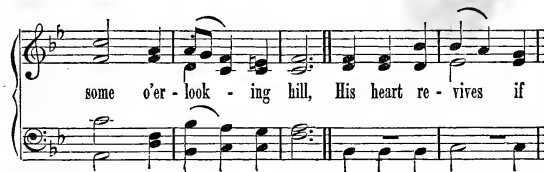
Guar - dian, thou our Guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.

Beethoven. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.



As when the wea - ry trav' - ler gains The height of



some o'er - look - ing hill, His heart re - vives if



o'er the plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still.

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the skies.

Brownell. L. M 6 lines.

HAYDN.

When gath'-ring clouds a-round I view, And days are

dark and friends are few, On Him I lean who not in vain

Ex-pe-rienced ev'-ry hu-man pain: He sees my wants, al-

lays my fears, And counts and trea-sures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do;
 Still He who felt temptation's power
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

Blendon. L. M.

GIARDINI.

Je-sus, my all, to heaven is gone; He whom I fix my hopes up - on:

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The narrow way till Him I view.

Captivity. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

When we, our wea - ried limbs to rest, Sat down by

proud En - phra - tes' stream, We wept,—with dole - ful

thoughts op - press'd; And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme.

Creation. L. M. 6 lines.

HAYDN.

From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre -

a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deem - er's name be

sung, Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry

tongue, Let the Re-deem - er's name be

sung, Through ev' - ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.

Crosbie. L. M.

J. A. P. SHULTZ.

An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is begun:

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy the rest; Improve the day thy God hath blest.

Darley. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY.

Sweet is the work, my God! my King! To praise thy name, give

thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morn - ing light, And

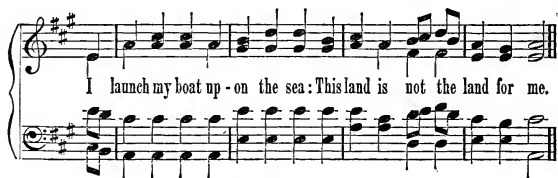
talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

Duane Street. L. M. 8 lines.

Rev. G. COLES.



Fare-well, farewell to all be-low, My Je-sus calls, and I must go;



I launch my boat up - on the sea: This land is not the land for me.



2 I've found the winding path of sin A rrgged path to tra-vel in;



Be - yond the chil - ly waves I see The land my Sa - vior bought for me.

3 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay:
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I cannot be:
This land is not the land for me.

4 My hope, my heart, is now on high:
There all my joys and treasures lie.
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
Oh, that's the land, the land for me!

Duke Street. L. M.

Oh, hap - py day, that stays my choice On thee, my

Sa - viour and my God! Well may this glow - ing

heart re - joice And tell thy good - ness all a - broad.

Effex. L. M.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.

{ Sweet peace of con-science, heavenly guest, Come, fix thy man - sion
Dis - pel my doubts, my fears con - trol, [OMIT.....

in my breast;
.....] And heal the an - guish of my soul.

Effingham. L. M.

The Lord pro - claims his power a - loud Through ev' - ry

o - cean, ev' - ry land; His voice di - vides the wa - t'ry

cloud, And light - nings blaze at his com - mand.

Evening Hymn. L. M.

TALLIS.

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own al - migh - ty wings.

Federal Street. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

Re-turn, O wan-d'erer! now re-turn, And seek thine injured Father's face:

Those new desires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-claim-ing grace.

Gleason. L. M.

SCHUBERT.

This day the Lord hath called his own;—Oh! let us then his praise de-clare,

Fix our de-sires on him a-lone, And seek his face with fer-vent prayer.

2 Lord! in thy love would we rejoice,
That bids the burdened soul be free;
And, with united heart and voice,
Devote these sacred hours to thee.

Golan. L. M.

My spi - rit looks to God a - lone; My rock and re - fuge

is his throne; In all my fears, in

all my straits, My soul on his sal - va - tion waits.

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.

What sinners val-ue I re - sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:

I shall be-hold thy bliss-ful face And stand complete in right-eousness.

Happy Day. L. M.

Oh, hap-py day, that stays my choice On thee, my Sa - viour and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell thy good - ness all a - broad.

Chorus. S: *Fine.*

Hap-py day, Hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way!

D. C. S:

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joi - cing ev - ry day.

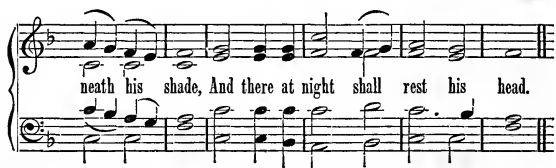
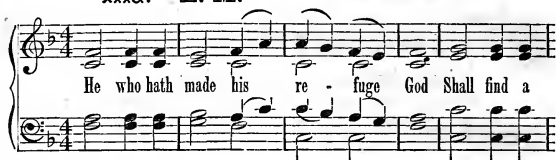
Hebron. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Je - sus, engrave it on my heart, That thou the one thing needful art:

I could from all things parted be, But nev - er, nev - er, Lord, from thee.

XIIa. L. M.



Louvan. L. M.

V. C. TAYLOR.



Louvan.



2 Oh, glorious hour!—oh, blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

Loving Kindness. L. M.



Mendon. L. M.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to thee, eternal King."

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Missionary Chant. L. M. CHAS. ZEUNER.

Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Im -

man - nel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear,

Missionary Chant.

And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

Migdol. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

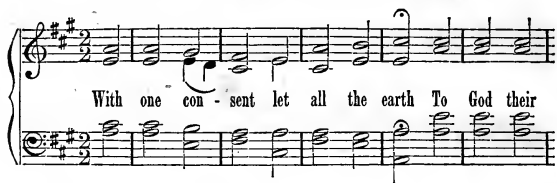
Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the

mil - lions of the skies, - That song of tri - umph which re -

cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

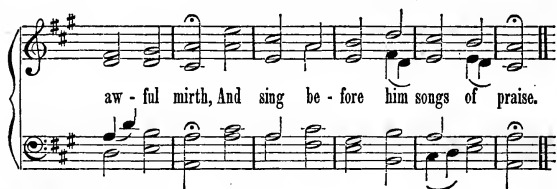
Old Hundred. L. M.



With one con - sent let all the earth To God their



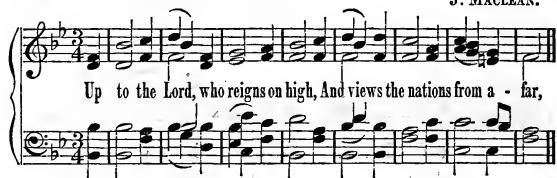
cheer - ful voi - ces raise, Glad hom - age pay with



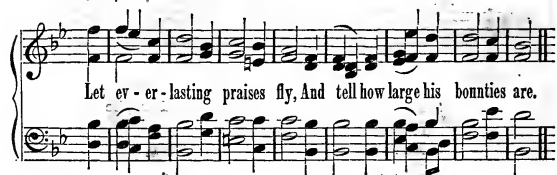
aw - ful mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.

Omnicon. L. M.

J. MACLEAN.



Up to the Lord, who reigns on high, And views the nations from a - far,



Let ev - er - lasting praises fly, And tell how large his bonnies are.

Park Street. L. M.

VENUE.

Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven Swells full of peace and

joy a - bove; Hark! how they strike their golden harps And raise the

tune - ful notes of love, And raise the tune - ful notes of love.

Peekskill. L. M.

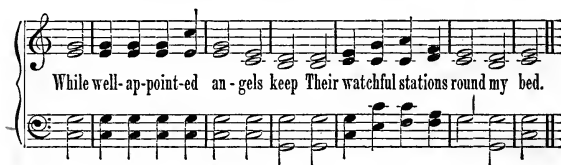
Alt. from CHEETMAN.

A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He just - ly claims a song from me; - His lov - ing kindness, - oh! how free!

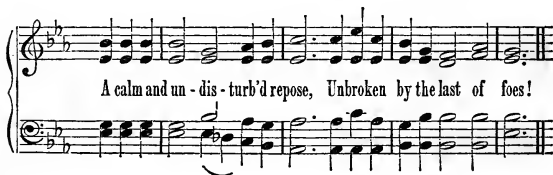
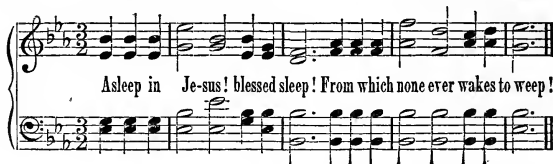
Reliance. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

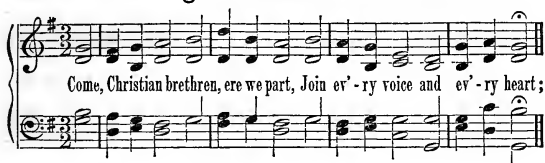


2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



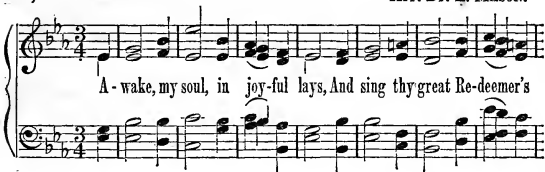
First system of musical notation for 'Rockingham'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Come, Christian brethren, ere we part, Join ev'-ry voice and ev'-ry heart;' are written below the treble staff.



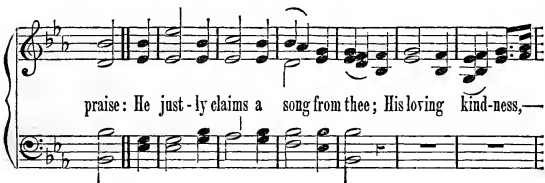
Second system of musical notation for 'Rockingham'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'One so-lemn hymn to God we raise, One fi-nal song of grate-ful praise.' are written below the treble staff.

Rothwell. L. M.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.



First system of musical notation for 'Rothwell'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'A - wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deemer's' are written below the treble staff.



Second system of musical notation for 'Rothwell'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'praise: He just - ly claims a song from thee; His loving kind-ness,—' are written below the treble staff.



Third system of musical notation for 'Rothwell'. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'oh, how free! His lov - ing kind - ness,— oh, how free!' are written below the treble staff.

Seasons. L. M.

PLEYEL.

The flow' - ry spring, at God's com - mand, Per - fumes the

air and paints the land; The sum - mer rays with

vi - gor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Sterling. L. M.

HARRISON.


Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - migh - ty King!

For we our voices high should raise When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

St. Louis. L. M.



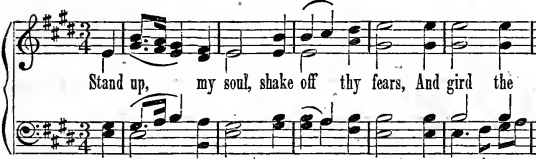
Come, gra - cious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above ;



Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er every thought and step preside.

Stonefield. L. M.

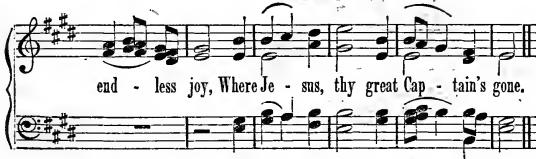
STANLEY.



Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the



gos - pel ar - mor on ; March to the gates of

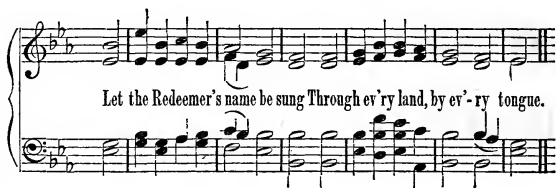


end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Cap - tain's gone.

Uxbridge. L. M.



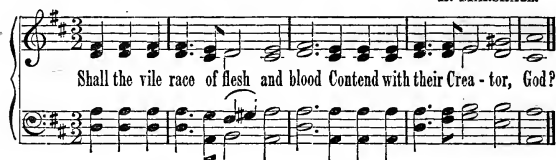
From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise a - rise ;



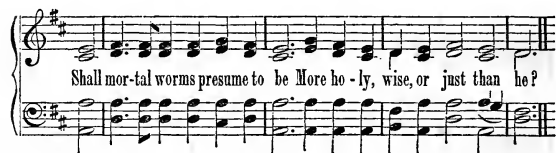
Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through ev'ry land, by ev'-ry tongue.

Villanova. L. M.

L. MARSHALL.



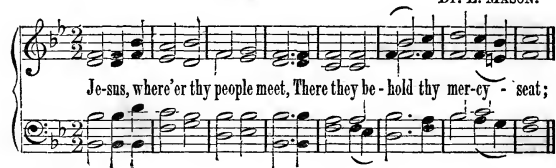
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Crea - tor, God?



Shall mor-tal worms presume to be More ho - ly, wise, or just than he?

Ward. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



Je-sus, where'er thy people meet, There they be - hold thy mer-cy - seat ;

Ward.

Where'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev'ry place is hal-low'd ground.

The musical score for 'Ward.' is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and some moving lines. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Ware. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his power pro-longs my days;

The musical score for 'Ware. L. M.' is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The left hand has a steady accompaniment of chords. The piece ends with a double bar line.

And ev'ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.

This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'Ware. L. M.'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

Wells. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.

My God, and is thy ta - ble spread, And does thy cup with love o'erflow?

The musical score for 'Wells. L. M.' is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves. The melody is in the right hand, featuring a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The left hand has a steady accompaniment of chords. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Thith-er be all thy chil-dren led, And let them thy sweet mer-cies know.

This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'Wells. L. M.'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

Welton. L. M.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's evening ray,

Calm as the re-gions of the blest, Enjoys on earth ce - les-tial rest.

Williams. L. M.

ENGLISH.

Daugh-ters of Zi - on, come, be - hold The crown of hon - or

and of gold Which the glad church, with joys un -

known, Placed on the head of Sol - o - mon.

Windham. L. M.

D. READ.

Stay, thou in - sult - ed Spi - rit, stay, Though I have done thee such de - spite,

Nor cast the sin - ner quite a - way, Nor take thine e - ver - last - ing flight.

Zarephath. L. M.

J. MACLEAN.

Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his sne -

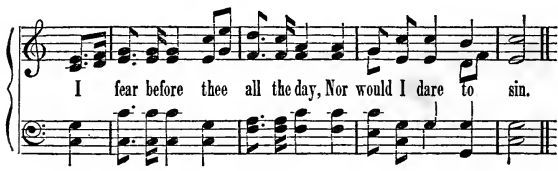
cess - ive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from

shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more,

Acushnet. C. M.



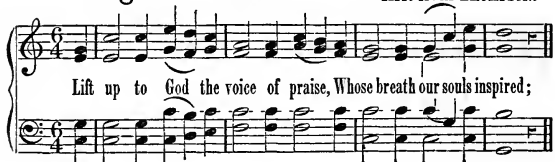
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray: I am for-ev-er thine;



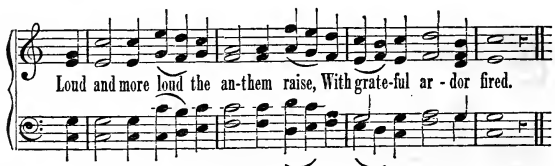
I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

Agnes. C. M.

Arr. from THOMPSON.



Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired;



Loud and more loud the an-then raise, With grate-ful ar-dor fired.

Antioch. C. M.

Air from HANDEL.



Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her

Antioch.

King; Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare him

room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and na-ture
And heaven and nature sing, And

sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.
heaven and nature sing, And

Arlington. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

Approach, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer:

There hum-bly fall be - fore his feet; For none can per - ish there.

Ashley. C. M.

Dr. MADAN.

Sal - va - tion! oh, the joy - ful sound! Glad ti - dings

to our ears; A sove - reign balm for ev' - ry

Chorus.
wound, A cor - dial for our fears. Glo - ry, hon - or, praise, and

pow - er Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re - deemer!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!

Athens. C. M. 8 lines.

GIARDINI.

While beau-ty clothes the fer-tile vale And blos-soms on the spray,

And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the ver-nal day!
D. C. Soft mu-sic hails the love-ly spring, And woods and fields re-joice.

Hark! how the fea-ther'd warb-lers sing! 'Tis na-ture's cheerful voice:

Avon or Martyrdom. C. M.

SCOTTISH.

When a - ny turn from Si-on's way,—A-las, what numbers do!—

Methinks I hear my Sa-viour say, "Wilt thou for-sake me too?"

Azmon. C. M.

Arr. from GLASER.

My grate-ful soul, for - ev - er praise, For - ev - er love, His name,

Who turn'd thee from the fa - tal paths Of fol - ly, sin, and shame.

Balerna. C. M.

Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts revolve;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I'll seek his courts, and enter in,
Whatever may oppose."

Barby. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord! How sure is their de-fence!

E - ter - nal wis - dom is their guide; Their help, Omnip - o - tence.

Bradford. C. M.

HANDEL.

I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And

er - er prays for me: A to - ken

of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.

Brattle Street. C. M. 8 lines.

While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power! Be my vain wish-es still'd;

And may this con-se-ra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the power of thought bestow'd; To thee my thoughts would soar:

Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer-cy I a-dore.

Breck. C. M.

What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page, Ma-jes-tic like the sun!

Breck.

It gives a light to ev'-ry age; It gives a light to ev'-ry age;

It gives, but bor-rows none, It gives, but bor - rows none.

T. S.

Cambridge. C. M.

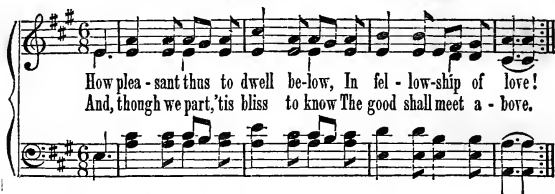
Dr. RANDALL.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wondrous deeds hath done;

With his right hand and ho - ly arm, The con-quest he hath won,

The con-quest he hath won, The con - quest he hath won.

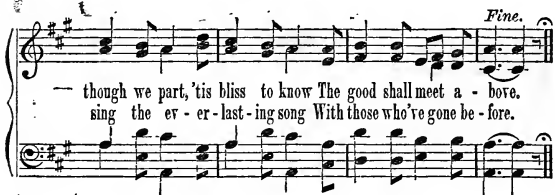
Canaan. C. M.



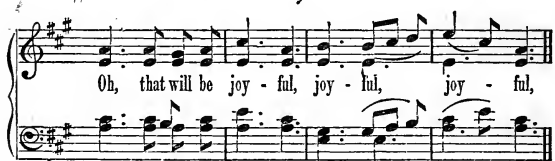
How plea - sant thus to dwell be-low, In fel - low-ship of love!
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.



The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove, And,
D. C. To meet to part no more, On Ca - naan's hap - py shore, And



Fine.
— though we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone be - fore.



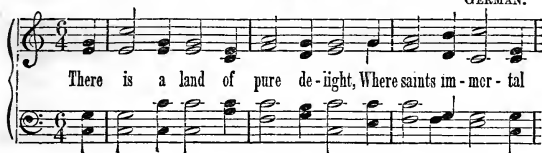
Oh, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,



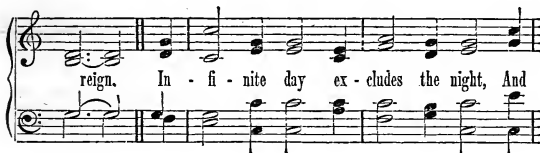
D. C. :S:
Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more!

Cazenovia. C. M. 8 lines.

GERMAN.



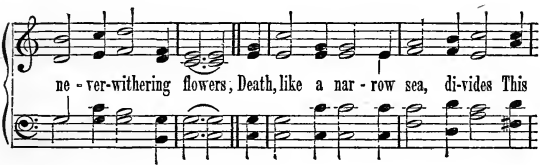
There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mer-tal



reign. In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And



plea-sures ban-ish pain. There, ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And



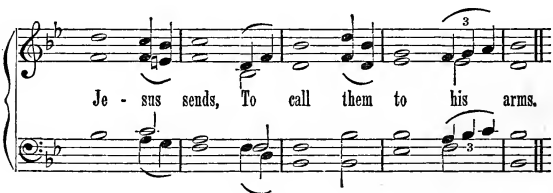
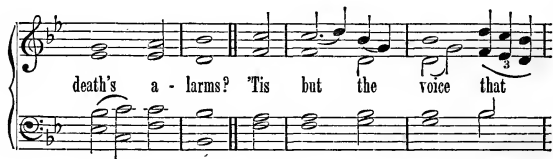
ne-ver-withering flowers, Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This



heaven-ly land from ours, This heaven-ly land from ours.

China. C. M.

SWAN.

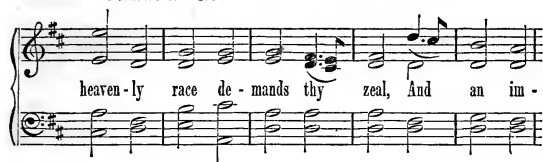


Christmas. C. M.

Attributed to HANDEL.



Christmas.



Clarendon. C. M.

TUCKER.



Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Brrng forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

Coventry. C. M.

Oh, could our thoughts and wish - es fly A - bove these gloom - y shades,

To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

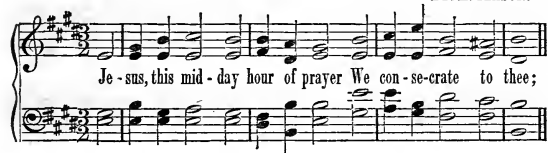
Dedham. C. M.

GARDNER.



Downs. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



Dundee. C. M.

When, ri - sing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,

I see my Ma - ker, face to face, Oh, how shall I ap - pear?

Emmons. C. M.

From BURGMULLER.

To God ad - dress the joy - ful psalm, Who won - drous things hath

done; Whose own right hand and ho - ly arm The

vic - to - ry hath won, The vic - to - ry hath won.

Evan. C. M.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.

Hear what the voice from heaven declares To those in Christ who die;

Released from all their earthly cares, They'll reign with him on high.

Fletcher. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

Fa-ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sove-reign will de-nies,

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:-

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee."

Fountain. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im-man - uel's

veins, And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose

all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains.

Garland. C. M.

W. ARNOLD.

How vain are all things here be - low! How false, and yet how fair!

Each plea - sure hath its poi - son too, And ev' - ry sweet its snare.

Geneva. C. M.

JNO. COLE.

When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My

ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the

view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

Gibson. C. M.

J. MACLEAN.

Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy word What end - less glo - ry

shines! For - ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

Heber. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

The Sa-viour calls: let ev'-ry ear At-tend the heav-en-ly sound;

Ye doubt-ing souls, dis-miss your fear, Hope smiles re-viv-ing round.

Henry. C. M.

S. B. POND.

Oh, hap-py is the man who hears Re-li-gion's

warn-ing voice, And who ce-les-tial

wis-dom makes His ear-ly, on-ly choice.

Howard. C. M.

Mrs. CUTHBERT.

Lord, hear the voice of my com - plaint; Ac -

cept my se - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my

King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.

I Do Believe. C. M.

How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - lie - ver's ear!
CHORUS. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
And through his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

Jordan. C. M.

A. JONES.

On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye

To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

Lanesboro'. C. M.

Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-lutes thy wak - ing

eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay, Once more, my

voice, thy tri - bute pay To Him who rules the skies.

Laona, or Washington Square. C. M.

C. EVEREST.

When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

org.

I'll bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.

Laurel, or Everest. C. M.

C. EVEREST.

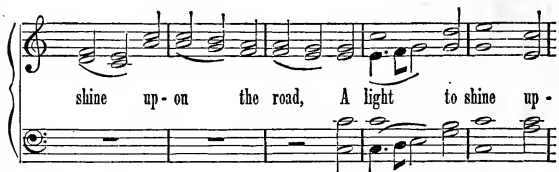
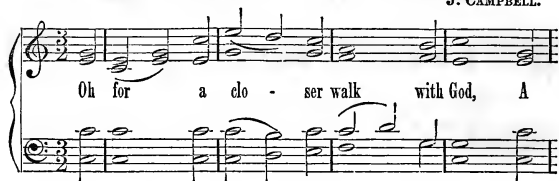
Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heaven-ly Dove, With

all thy quick' - ning powers, Kin - dle a flame of

sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

Lee. C. M.

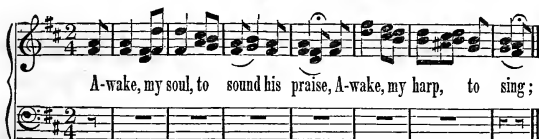
J. CAMPBELL.



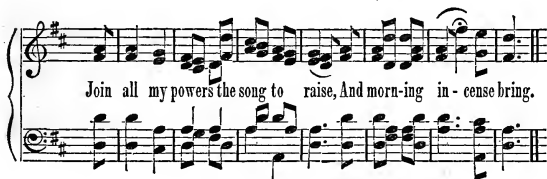
2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

Leroux. C. M.

Arr. by V. C. TAYLOR,
from BELLINI.



Awake, my soul, to sound his praise, Awake, my harp, to sing;



Join all my powers the song to raise, And morn-ing in - cense bring.

Little. C. M.

L. THOMPSON.



Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;



To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting, at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

Lucius. C. M.

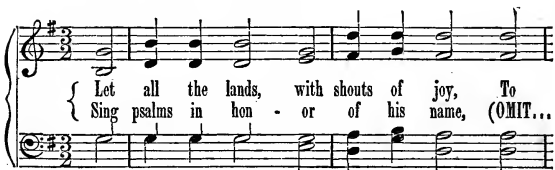


O thou who driest the mourn-er's tear, How dark this world would be,




If, pierced by sins and sor-rows here, We could not fly to thee!

Marlow. C. M.



{ Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To
Sing psalms in hon - or of his name, (OMIT...



God their voi - ces raise;
.....) And spread his glo - rious praise.

Massillon. C. M.

FROM MOZART.



Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,

Massillon.

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.

Mear. C. M.

How oft, al - as! this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord!

How oft my rov - ing thoughts depart, For - get - ful of his word!

Mede. C. M.

"We'll stand the storm."

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, The heav'nly port is nigh.

We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by - and - by.

Medfield. C. M.

W. MATHER.

Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I

haste to seek thy face: My thirs - ty spi - rit

faints a - way With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

Metropolis. C. M. 8 lines.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
D. C. Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end. *Fine.*

Metropolis.

D. C. S.

Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend?

Meriden. C. M.

Thy good - ness, Lord, our souls con - fess, Thy

good-ness we a - dore; A spring whose bless - ings

ne - ver fail, A sea with - out a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare
 In every golden ray;
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.

Moravian. C. M. 8 lines.

Fine.

1. { I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend his cause,
Main-tain the hon-or of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.
D. C. Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

D.C.

2. Je-sus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust;
D.C.

Mount Pisgah. C. M.

OLD MELODY.

When I can read my ti-tle clear To man-sions in the

skies, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes,

Mount Pisgah.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing

eyes. I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Oatlands. C. M.

T. CLARK.

In all my Lord's ap - point - ed ways, My jour - ney I'll pur -

sue: Hin-der me not, ye much-loved saints, For I must go with

you, For I must go with you, For I must go with you.

Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon the Saviour's brow ; His head with radiant

glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

Piety. C. M.

T. CLARK.

From bu-sy toil and hea-vy care We turn the weary mind, We

turn the weary mind ; And in the place of noon-tide prayer, And in the

place of noon-tide prayer Our sanc-tu-a-ry find.

Remember Me. C. M.

Fine.

Al - as! and did my Sa-viour bleed? And did my Sove-reign die?
CHORUS. Remember me, re - mem - ber me, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

D. C.

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

Siloam. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

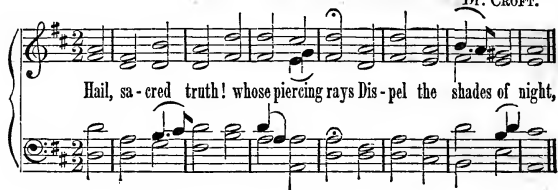
My times of sor-row and of joy, Great God, are in thy hand;

All my en - joy - ments come from thee, And go at thy command.

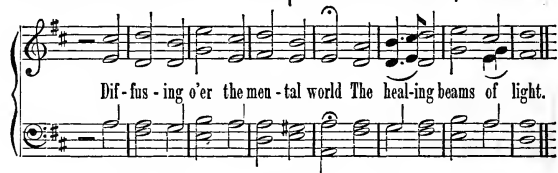
2 O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,
 Yet would I not repine:
 Before they were by me possess'd,
 They were entirely thine.

St. Ann's. C. M.

Dr. Croft.



Hail, sa - cred truth! whose pierc - ing rays Dis - pel the shades of night,



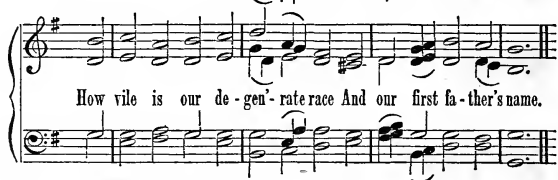
Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light.

Stephens. C. M.

Wm. Jones.



Great King of glo - ry and of grace, We own, with hum - ble shame,



How vile is our de - gen' - rate race And our first fa - ther's name.

St. John's. C. M.



Je - sus, I love thy charm - ing name: 'Tis

St. John's.

mu - sic to my ear: Fain would I sound it

out so loud That earth and heav'n might hear.

St. Martin's. C. M.

TANSUR.

Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With

an - gels round the throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand

are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

Swanwick. C. M.

LUCAS.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy

quick'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love

In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.

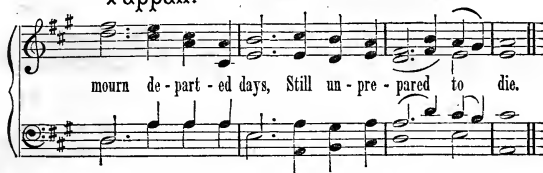
Tappan. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

As o'er the past my mem'-ry strays. Why heaves the se - cret

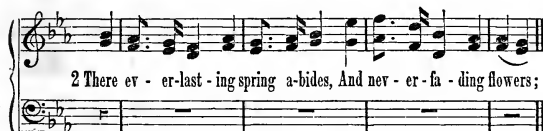
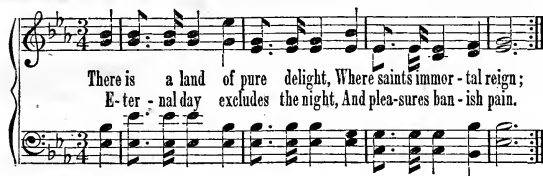
sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, 'Tis that I

Tappan.



Varina. C. M. 8 lines.

From RINK.




3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Warwick. C. M.

STANLEY.



And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day



For ev' - ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev' - ry word I say?

Whitfield. C. M.

Arr. GEO. KINGSLEY.



Fa-ther of mer-cies! send thy grace, All power-ful from a -



bove, To form in our o - be-dient souls The im-age of thy love, To



form in our o - be - dient souls The im - age of thy love.

Woodstock. C. M.

DUTTON.

How oft, al-as! this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord!

How oft my rov-ing thoughts depart, For-get-ful of his word!

Zerah. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Once more, my soul, the ri-sing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes:

Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To Him who rules the skies.

Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To Him who rules the skies.

Adello. S. M. 8 lines. W. TILLINGHAST.

Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,

With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer:

Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do:

On thee, Al-migh - ty to cre - ate, Al - migh - ty to re - new.

Aix. S. M.

CORELLI.

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

Ain.

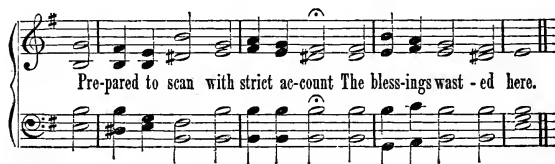
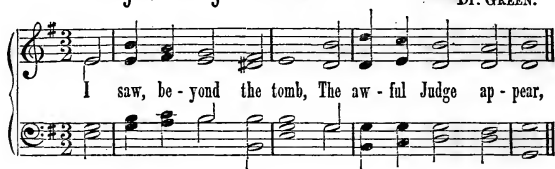
Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne.

Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our
Let those refuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God: But

God: But children of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
chil - dren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a-broad.

Aylesbury. S. M.

Dr. GREEN.

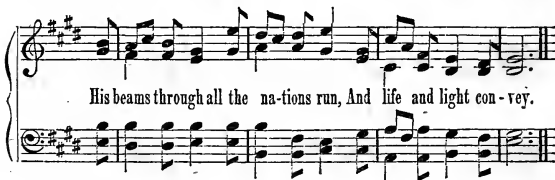


2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell forever burns;
And from that hopeless world of woe
No fugitive returns.

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord
While yet 'tis call'd to-day:
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

Barre, or Meade. S. M.

C. HOMMANN.



Bertrand. S. M.

G. PAESIELLO.
Arr. by V. C. TAYLOR.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro-claim,

And all that is with-in me join To bless his ho-ly name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.

Beverly. S. M.

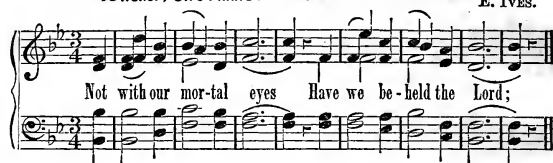
H. G. NÄGELI.

Let songs of end-less praise From ev'-ry na-tion rise;

Let all the lands their tri-bute raise To God, who rules the skies.

Blauveltville. S. M.

E. IVES.



Not with our mor-tal eyes Have we be-held the Lord;



Yet we re-joyce to hear his name, Yet we re-



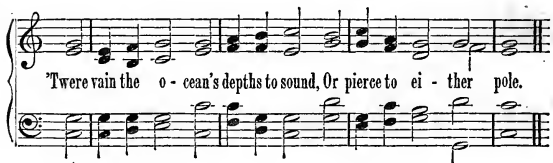
joyce to hear his name, And love him in his word.

Boylston. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



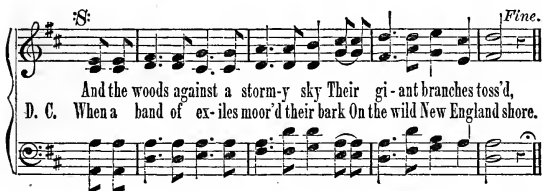
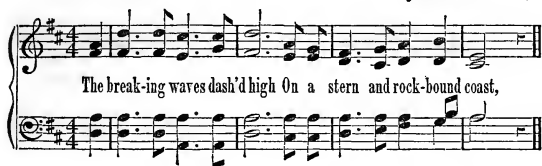
Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul?



'Twere vain the o-cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.

Browne. S. M.

Words by MRS. HEMANS.



- 2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,—
This was their welcome home!
- 4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

Charity Hymn. S. M.

T. B. WHITE.

I hear the voice of woe, I hear a brother's sigh:

Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love my eye.

Clapton. S. M.

JONES.

Thy name, Al-mighty Lord, Shall sound through distant lands;

Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth for ever stands.

Corelli. S. M.

CORELLI.

When, overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies,

Corelli.




Help-less and far from all re-lief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

Dennis. S. M.

NÄGELI.

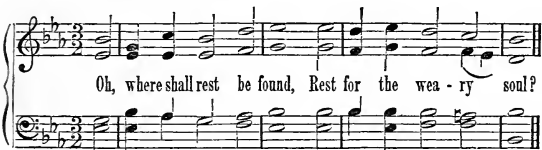


Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

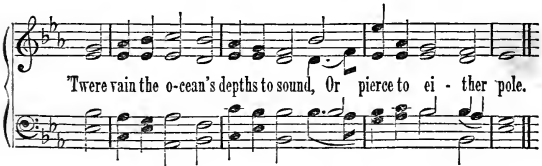


Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

Dover. S. M.



Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul?



'Twere vain the o-ccean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.

Eglinton. S. M.

SCOTTISH.

Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? - And shall our cheeks be - dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - ry eye.

Golden Hill. S. M.

And will the Judge de - scend? And must the dead a - rise?

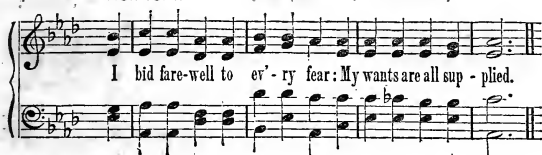
And not a sin - gle soul es - cape His all dis - cern - ing eyes?

Gorton. S. M.

BEETHOVEN.

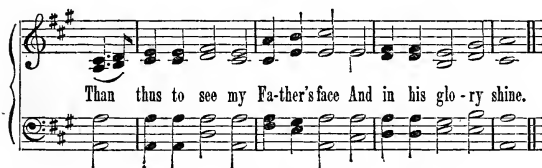
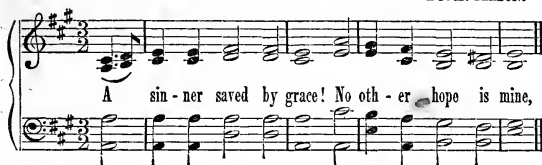
While my Re - deem - er's near, My Shep - herd and my Guide,

Gorton.



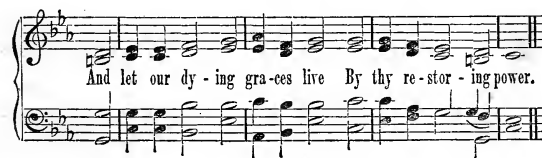
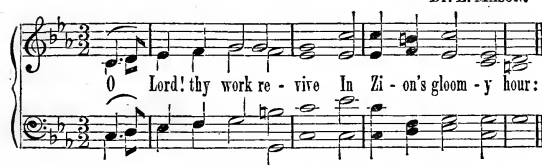
Haverhill. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



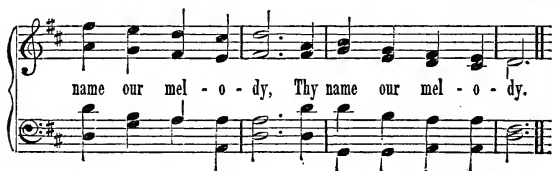
Hereford. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



Herrick. S. M.

J. H. G.



Inverness. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



Iowa. S. M.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy:

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

Kennet. S. M.

J. MACLEAN.

How charm - ing is the place, Where my Re - deem - er - God

Un - veils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!

Un - veils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!

Laban. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear;

The first system of the hymn 'Laban' in S. M. time, 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear;'

Heaven with the e-cho shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.

The second system of the hymn 'Laban'. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Heaven with the e-cho shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.'

Lisbon. S. M.

READ.

With Je-sus in our midst, We gath-er round the board

The first system of the hymn 'Lisbon' in S. M. time, 3/2. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb). The lyrics are: 'With Je-sus in our midst, We gath-er round the board'

Though ma-ny, we are one in Christ, One bo-dy in the Lord,

The second system of the hymn 'Lisbon'. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Though ma-ny, we are one in Christ, One bo-dy in the Lord,'

Though ma-ny, we are one in Christ, One bo-dy in the Lord.

The third system of the hymn 'Lisbon'. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the bass line continues in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Though ma-ny, we are one in Christ, One bo-dy in the Lord.'

Little Marlborough. S. M.

To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice;

Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.

Mazzaroth. S. M.

From BLANGINI.

Behold! the morning sun Begins his glorious way; His beams through all the

na-tions run, And life and light con-vey, And life and light convey.

2 But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs
And gives the blind their sight.

Mornington. S. M.

MORNINGTON.

The law by Mo - ses came, But peace, and truth, and love,

Were brought by Christ, a no - bler name, De - scend - ing from a - bove.

Olmütz. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men, so let it be;

Lie from the dead is in that word: 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

Olney. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;

The fel-lowship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

Pentoxville. S. M.

LINLEY.

To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;

And cause the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine;-

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

Plymouth. S. M.

OLD MELODY.

With hum-ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray;

Oh, bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv-ing way.

Seir. S. M.

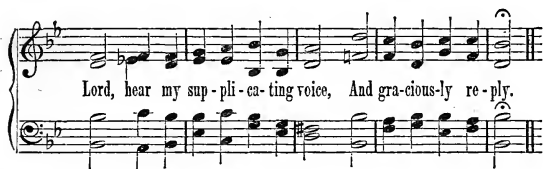
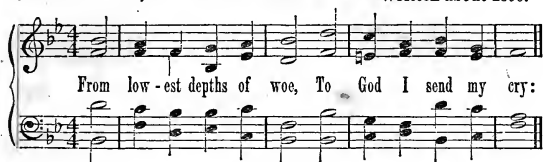
Dr. L. MASON.

What cheer-ing words are these! Their sweetness who can tell?

In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the righteous well.

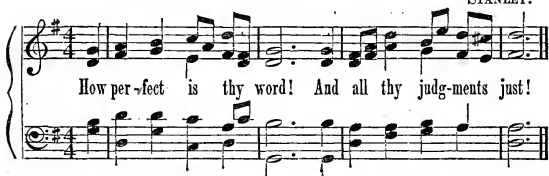
2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.

Selma, or Narenza. S. M. Written about 1590.



Shirland. S. M.

STANLEY.



2 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Silver Street. S. M.

I. SMITH.

Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;

T. S.

Je - ho - vah is the sov'-reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

Southwell. S. M.

Sure there's a right-eous God, Nor is re - li - gion vain;

Though men of vice may boast a - loud, And men of grace com-plain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.

State Street. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

The first system of musical notation for 'State Street' is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Wel-come to this re - vi-ving breast And these re - joic - ing eyes!

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

St. Thomas. S. M.

HANDEL.

Je - sus, who knows full well The heart of ev' - ry saint,

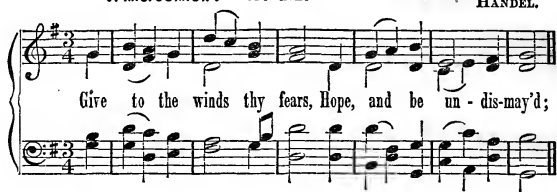
The first system of musical notation for 'St. Thomas' is in 2/2 time, key of D major. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

In - vites us all our griefs to tell, To pray and ne - ver faint.

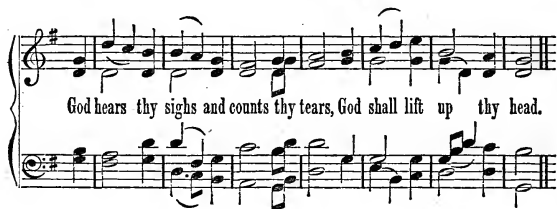
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Thatcher. S. M.

HANDEL.



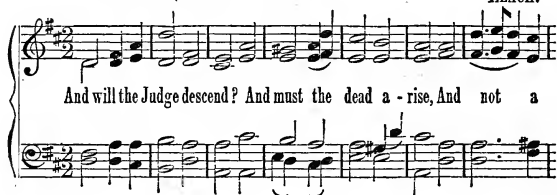
Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be un-dis-may'd;



God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

Watchman. S. M.

LEACH.



And will the Judge descend? And must the dead a-rise, And not a



sin-gle soul es-cape His all-dis-cern-ing eyes.

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

Bethune. H. M.

Arr. fr. Marseilles Hymn,
by V. C. TAYLOR.

To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all my aid; The

God who built the skies, And earth and nature made: God is the tower To

which I fly; His grace is nigh In ev' - ry hour.

Darwell. H. M.

Rev. W. DARWELL.

We give immortal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And all our

hopes a-bove: He sent his own Eternal Son, To die for sins that men had done.

Haddam. H. M.

ENGLISH.

The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns; His throne is built on high;
The gar - ments he as - sumes [OMIT.....]

Are light and ma - jes - ty. His glo - ries shine with

beams so bright, No mor - tal eye can bear the sight.

Harmonia. H. M.

Prof. J. C. B. STANBRIDGE.

Hark! hark!—the notes of joy Roll o'er the heaven - ly

plains, And ser - apts find em - ploy For their sub - li - mest strains; Some


Harmonia.



new de-light in heaven is known, Loud sound the harps around the throne.

Jedburgh. H. M.

J. MACLEAN.



A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day; In



lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay;



Wel - come the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e -



ter - nal rest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

Lenox. H. M.

EDSON.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow The glad-ly so-lemn sound, Let all the na-tions

The year of ju - bi-

know, To earth's re - mo-test bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is 'come, The

lee is come, the year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ran - som'd sin - ners, home.

Lischer. H. M.

From the German,
by Dr. L. MASON.

A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day; } Wel-
In lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: }

come the day that God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest,

Lischer.

The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest,
The type of heaven's

Newbury. H. M.

M. HAYDN.

Up - ward I lift my eyes, From God is all my
aid, - The God that built the skies And earth and na - ture
made: God is the tower to which I
fly; His grace is nigh in ev' - ry hour.

Triumph. H. M.

A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - ty fears;

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

Warsaw. H. M.

T. CLARK.

Join all the glo - rious names Of wis - dom, love, and power, That

ev - er mōr - tals knew Or an - gels ev - er bore; All are too

Warsaw.

mean to speak his worth, To mean to set my Sa - viour forth.

Weymouth. H. M.

HARRISON.

The Lord of heaven confess, On high his glory raise; Him let all an - gels

bless, Him all his armies praise. Him glo - ri - fy, sun,

moon, and stars, Ye higher spheres, and cloudy sky. Him glo - ri - fy, sun,

moon, and stars, Ye high - er spheres, and elou - dy sky.

Ariel. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,

The first system of musical notation for 'Ariel' is in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,' are written below the treble staff.

could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - vour shine,

The second system of musical notation for 'Ariel' continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - vour shine,' are written below the treble staff.

I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel,

The third system of musical notation for 'Ariel' continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel,' are written below the treble staff.

while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

The fourth system of musical notation for 'Ariel' concludes the piece. The lyrics 'while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.' are written below the treble staff.

Edenton. C. P. M.

Be - gin, my soul, th' ex - alt - ed lay; Let each en - rap - tured
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one me - lo - dious

The first system of musical notation for 'Edenton' is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Be - gin, my soul, th' ex - alt - ed lay; Let each en - rap - tured' and 'Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one me - lo - dious' are written below the treble staff.

Edenton.

1st time. 2d time.

thought obey, And praise th' Almighty's name;
concert rise, [OMIT.....] To swell th'in-spi-ring theme.

Ganges. C. P. M.

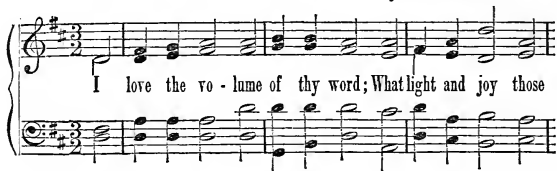
A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of

guilt I found, And knew not where to go: One so - lemn truth in-

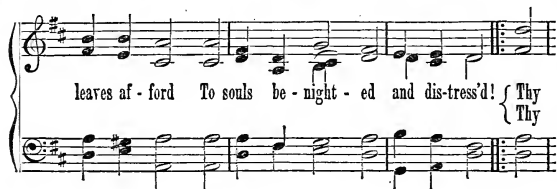
creased my pain, The sinner "must be born a-gain," Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,—
A vast, oppressive load :
All creature-aid I saw was vain :
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

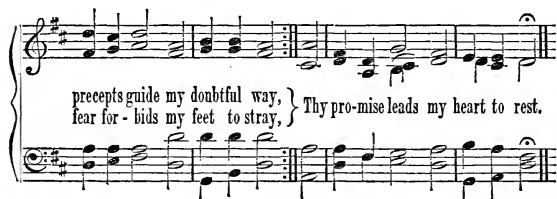
Nashville. L. P. M. Arr. from a Gregorian Chant,
by Dr. L. MASON.



I love the vo - lume of thy word; What light and joy those

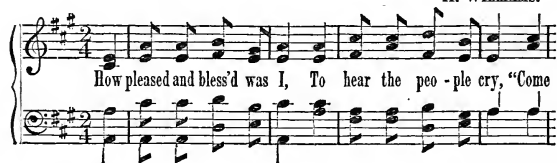


leaves af - ford To souls be - night - ed and dis - tress'd! { Thy
Thy

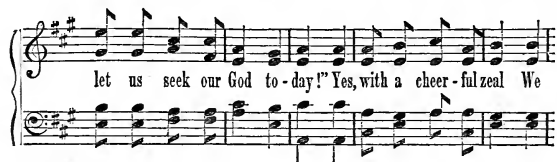


precepts guide my doubtful way, } Thy pro - mise leads my heart to rest.
fear for - bids my feet to stray, }

Dalston. S. P. M. A. WILLIAMS.



How pleased and bless'd was I, To hear the peo - ple cry, "Come

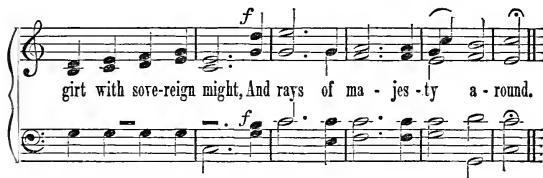
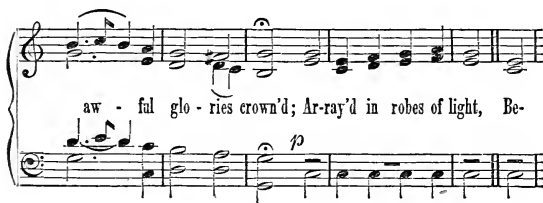


let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal We

Dalston.



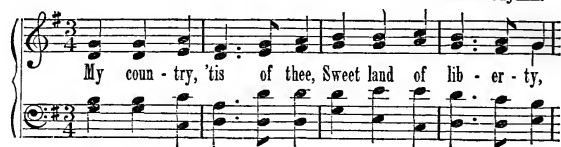
Peters. S. P. M.



2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

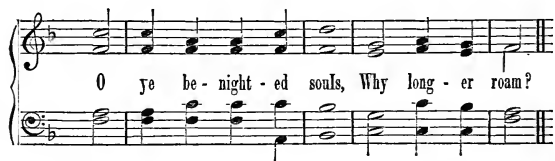
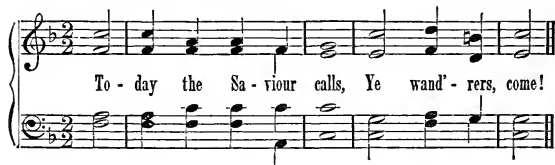
America. 6s & 4s.

National Hymn.



Arno. 6s, 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.



Ava. 6s, 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.

Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may, }
 Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield ye to - day. }
 D. C. Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

GIARDINI.

Come, thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us thy name to

sing; Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

Olivet. 6s, 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.



My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me

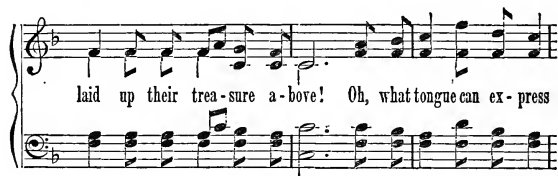


while I pray, Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine,


Joy. 6s, 9s.



How hap - py are they Who the Sa - vior o - bey And have



laid up their trea - sure a - bove! Oh, what tongue can ex - press



The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

Balaena. 7s.

MODERN HARP.



Now be - gin the heav - en - ly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus' name;



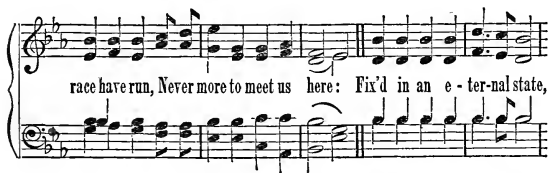
Ye who his sal - va - tion prove, Triumph in re - deem - ing love.

Benevento. 7s. 8 lines.

S. WEBBE.



While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted thro' the former year, Ma - ny souls their



race have run, Never more to meet us here: Fix'd in an e - ter - nal state,



They have done with all below: We a little longer wait, But how little, none can know.

Easter Hymn. 7s.

DE WORGAN.

Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

lu - jah! Sons of men and an - gels say, Hal - le - lu - jah,

hal - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and triumphs high,

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heavens, and,

earth, re - ply, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

Hendon. 7s.

Dr. MALAN.

Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King! As ye jour - ney,

sweet - ly sing; Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious

in his works and ways, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

Hessville. 7s.

T. LOUD.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, - When he spake, and it was done.

Horton. 7s.

WARTENSEE.

Come! said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home: Wea - ry pilgrims' hith - er come.

Indiana. 7s. 8 lines.

DONIZETTI.

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way.

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee:

Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Indiana.




Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Ives. 7s. 8 lines.

E. IVES, Jr.



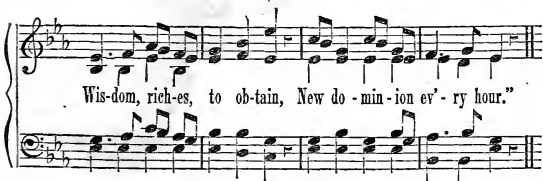
Who are these in bright ar-ray? This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,



Round the al - tar night and day Hymn-ing one tri - umph-ant song?



"Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,



Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do - min-ion ev'-ry hour."

Martyn. 7s. 8 lines.

MARSH.

Fine.

Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast-ed at the ear - ly dawn, }
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone: }
 D. C. Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

For a while she ling'ring stood, Fill'd with sorrow and sur - prise, D. C.

Nuremburg. 7s.

Chil - dren of the heaven-ly King! As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;

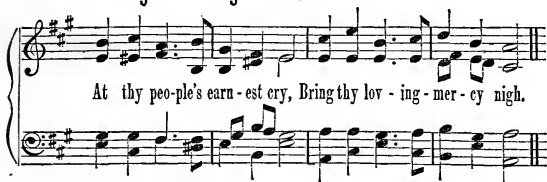
Sing your Saviour's worth-y praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

PLEYEL.

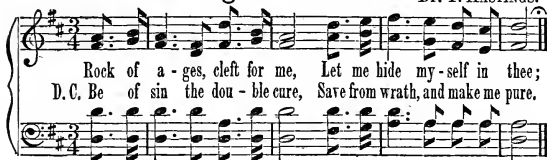
Sa-viour, at thy feet we bow; Oh, vouch-safe to meet us now;

Pleyel's Hymn.



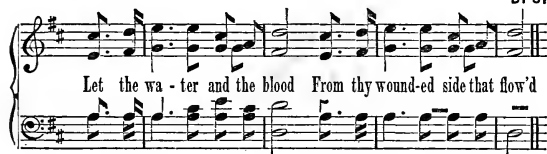
At thy peo-ple's earn-est cry, Bring thy lov-ing-mer-cy nigh.

Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 lines. Dr. T. HASTINGS.



Rock of a-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

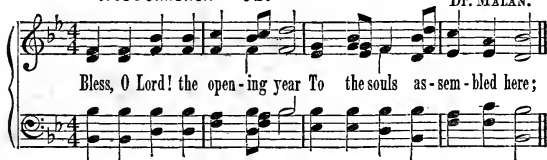
D. C.



Let the wa-ter and the blood From thy wound-ed side that flow'd

Rosefield. 7s.

Dr. MALAN.



Bless, O Lord! the open-ing year To the souls as-sem-bled here;



Clothe thy word with power di-vine, Make us will-ing to be thine.

Roslyn. 7s.

Arr. from NAUMANN.

Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest

man - sions soar? { Who, an ev - - - er -
In thy ho - - - ly

1st time. 2d time.
wel - come guest,
place shall rest? } In thy ho - ly place shall rest?

Royalton. 7s. 6 lines.

DAVID RIZZIO.

O thou God who hear-est prayer, Ev'-ry hour and ev'-ry-where,

Royalton.

Lis-ten to my fee-ble breath, Now I touch the gates of death;

For His sake whose blood I plead, Hear me in the hour of need.

Sidmouth. 7s. 6 lines.

Dr. MADAN.

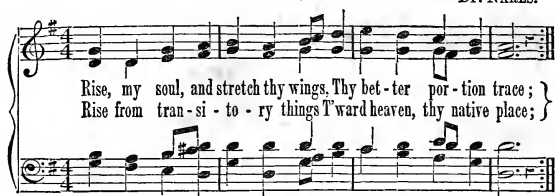
Safe-ly through an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to-day,—

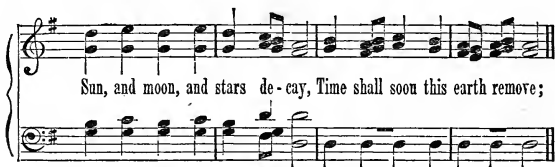
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.

Amsterdam. 7s, 6s.

Dr. NARES.



Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; }
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things T'ward heaven, thy native place; }



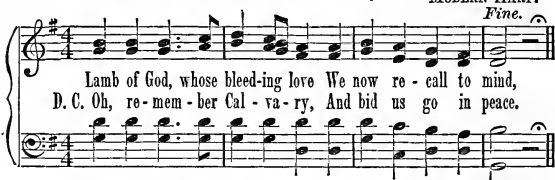
Sun, and moon, and stars de-cay, Time shall soon this earth remove;



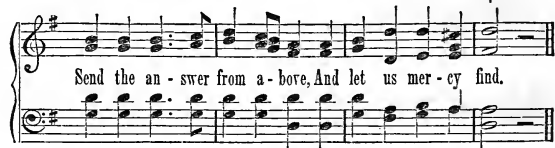
Rise, my soul, and haste a-way To seats prepared a-bove.

Attila or Power. 7s, 6s.

MODERN HARP.



Lamb of God, whose bleed-ing love We now re-call to mind,
D. C. Oh, re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry, And bid us go in peace.



Send the an-swer from a-bove, And let us mer-cy find.

Attila or Power.

Think on us who think on thee; Ev'-ry bur-den'd soul re - lease:

D. C.

Missionary Hymn. 7s, 6s. Dr. L. MASON.

From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's co - ral strand;

Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;

From many an an - cient ri - ver, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - li - ver Their land from er - ror's chain.

Webb. 7s, 6s. 8 lines. GEO. JAMES WEBB.

The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears : The sons of earth are

wa-king To pen-i-tential tears, Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings

tidings from a - far Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

Abba. 8s, 7s. 8 lines.

Je - sus, I my cross have ta-ken, All to leave and fol-low thee;

Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.

Abba.

Per-ish ev'-ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known!

Yet-how rich is my con-di-tion!-God and hea-ven are still my own!

Autumn. 8s, 7s. 8 lines.

Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us Through this lonely vale of tears,-

Through the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change ap-pears:
D. C. Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

When temp-tation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,

Bartimeus. 8s, 7s.

First system of musical notation for 'Bartimeus'. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

“Mer cy, O thou Son of Da-vid! Thus the blind Bar-ti-mens prayed;

Second system of musical notation for 'Bartimeus'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

“O-thers by thy word are sav-ed; Now to me af-ford thine aid.”

Beth. 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

First system of musical notation for 'Beth'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Sa - viour, source of ev' - ry bless - ing,

Second system of musical notation for 'Beth'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Tune my heart to grate - ful lays;

Third system of musical notation for 'Beth'. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,

Beth.

Call for cease - less songs of praise.

Chester. 8s, 7s.

Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace possess - ing, From the sinner's dy - ing Friend.

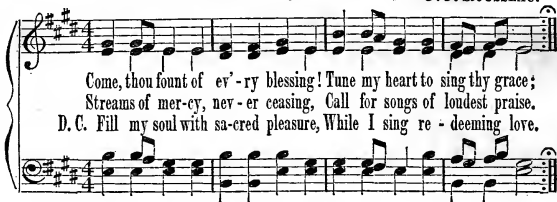
Come, ye Sinners. 8s, 7s.

Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of mer - cy, love, and power. }
D. C. Glo - ry, honor, and sal - vation! Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Chorus.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation, Sound the praise of his dear name, D. C.

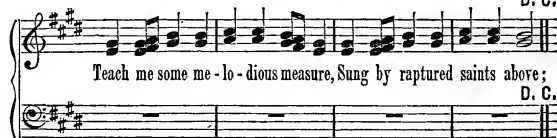
Greenville. 8s, 7s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



Come, thou fount of ev'-ry blessing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
D. C. Fill my soul with sa-cred pleasure, While I sing re - deeming love.

D. C.




Teach me some me-lo-dious measure, Sung by raptured saints above;

D. C.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Harwell. 8s, 7s. 8 lines.



Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise above; }
Je - sus reigns, and heaven rejoy - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: }
D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

D. C.



See, he sits on yonder throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

D. C.

Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

Fine.

May the grace of Christ our Sa - viour, And the Fa - ther's boundless love, }
 With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove! }
 D. C. And pos - sess, in sweet com - mu - nion, Joys which earth can - not af - ford.

D. C.

Thus may we a - bide in u - nion With each o - ther and the Lord, }
D. C.

Otto. 8s, 7s.

Fine.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love bestows, }
 For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows: }
 D. C. Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warm'd to praise.

D. C.

Help, O God, my weak en - deavor; This dull soul to rap - ture raise: }
D. C.


2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray,
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away;
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Saxony. 8s, 7s.

NAUMANN.

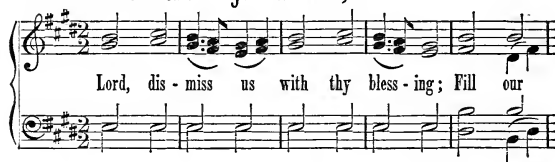


Hail! thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free:



From our sins and fears re-lease us; Let us find our rest in thee.

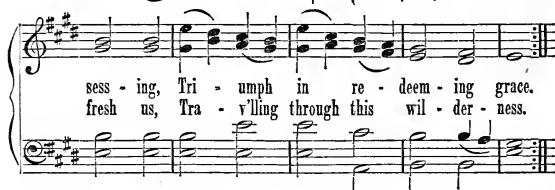
Sicilian Hymn. 8s, 7s.



Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing; Fill our



hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love pos-
Oh, re-fresh us, Oh, re-



sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.
fresh us, Tra-v'ling through this wil-der-ness.

Smyrna. 8s, 7s. 8 lines.

MOZART.

Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us Through this lonely vale of tears,-

Through the chan-ges thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great

change ap-pears: When temp-ta-tion's darts as-sail us,

When in de-vious paths we stray, Let thy good-ness

nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.

Stockwell. 8s, 7s.

D. E. JONES.

Si-lent - ly the shades of eve-ning Gather round my lone-ly door;

Si-lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.

Switzer. 8s, 7s.

Arr. from Swiss Melody.

O thou Sun of glorious splendor, Shine with healing in thy

wing; Chase away these shades of darkness; Holy light and com-fort

bring, - - - - Ho - ly light and com - fort bring.

Thornton. 8s, 7s.

MODERN HARP.

God is love: his mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens: God is wis-dom, God is love.

Wilmot. 8s, 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi-ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo! th'an-ge-lic host re-joi-ces—Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
“Glory in the highest, glory—
Glory be to God on high!”

Maclean. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

NOVELLO.

Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed,—Zi - on, kept by

The first system of musical notation for 'Maclean' is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

power di - vine: All her foes shall be con - found-ed,

The second system continues the melody. It includes a double bar line after the first measure of the system. The treble staff continues with eighth notes, and the bass staff maintains its accompaniment.

Though the world in arms com - bine: Hap - py Zi - on!

The third system continues the melody. It includes a double bar line after the first measure of the system. The treble staff continues with eighth notes, and the bass staff maintains its accompaniment.

Hap - py Zi - on! What a fa - vor'd lot is thine!

The fourth system concludes the melody. It includes a double bar line after the first measure of the system. The treble staff continues with eighth notes, and the bass staff maintains its accompaniment.

Oxiphant. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

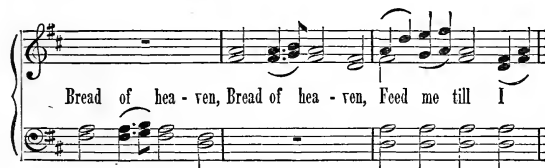
Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this bar - ren land:

The first system of musical notation for 'Oxiphant' is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The melody begins with a series of eighth notes in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Oliphant.



I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy powerful hand;



Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I



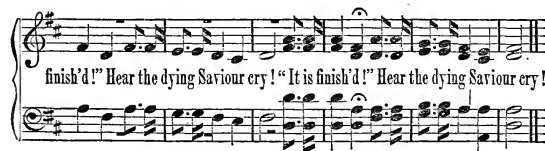
want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

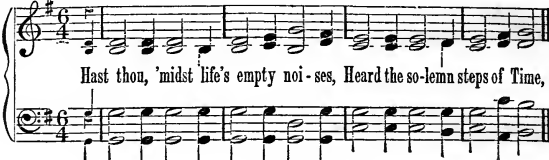


Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds aloud from Cal-va-ry: } "It is
See, it rends the rocks asunder, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!



finish'd!" Hear the dying Saviour cry! "It is finish'd!" Hear the dying Saviour cry!

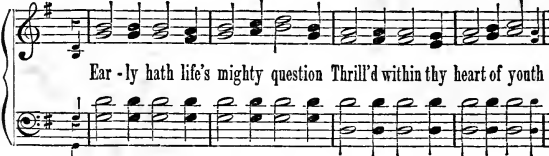
Bruce. 8s, 7s, & 5s.



Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noi - ses, Heard the so-lemn steps of Time,



And the low mys - te - rious voi - ces Of an - o - ther clime?



Ear - ly hath life's mighty question Thrill'd within thy heart of youth



With a deep and strong be-seech - ing, What and where is truth?

2 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.
Earnest toil, and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin.

Christian Victor. 10s.

Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly onward I move, Bound to the land of bright
An - gel-ic chor - is-ters sing, as I come, Joy - ful-ly, joy - ful-ly

spi - rits a-bove ; } Soon, with my pil-grim-age end - ed be-low,
haste to thy home ! } Home to the land of bright spi-rits I go ;

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

Savannah. 10s.

PLEYEL.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy tow'ring head, and lift thine eyes;

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display And break upon thee in a flood of day.

Edinburgh. 11s.

0 Father Almighty, to thee be address'd, With Christ and the Spirit, one

God ever bless'd, All glory and worship from earth and from heaven, As was, and is

now, and shall ev - er be given. Hal-le-lu - jah, ³ A - men! Hal - le-
Hal-le lu - jah,

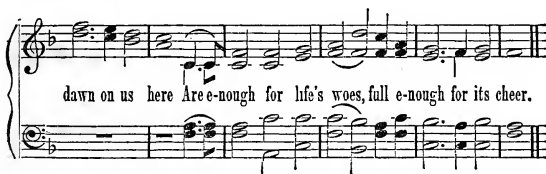
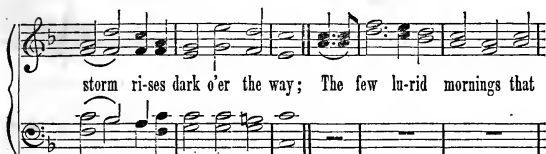
lu-jah, ³ A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah, halle - lu-jah, hal-le - lu-jah, A - men.

Frederick. 11s.

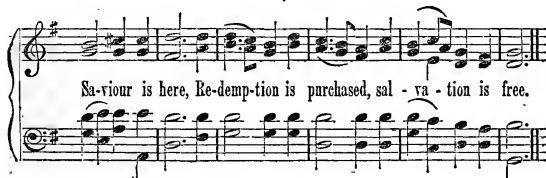
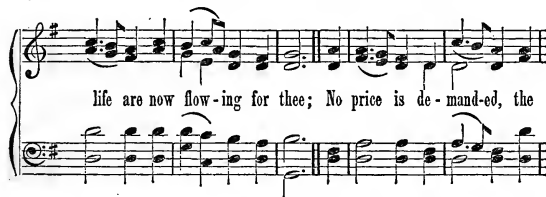
GEO. KINGSLEY.

I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter

Frederick.



Goshen, or Hinton. 11s.



Guardian. 11s.

Arr. from GLASER.

The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide; What-ev - er we

want he will kind-ly pro- vide; To sheep of his pas- ture his

mer- cies a- bound, His care and pro- tec- tion his flock will surround.

Home. 11s.

'Mid scenes of con- fu- sion and crea- ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com- mu- nion with saints; }
1st. 2d.

To find at the banquet of mer- cy there's room, And feel in the
D.C. Pre- pare me, dear

Home.

Fine.

D. C. S:

presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Saviour, for glo - ry at home.

D. C. S:

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say than to

you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have

fled, You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?

Brightness. 11s & 10s.

MOZART.

"Hail to the Brightness."

{ Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn-ing; Zi - on in
D. C. Loud from the mountain-top e - choes are ring - ing, Wastes rise in

lands that in dark-ness have lain! } Lo! in the de - sert rich
tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. }
ver - dure, and min - gle in song.

rit. D. C.
flow-ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er copions are glid-ing a - long;

Canopus.

"ERE I SLEEP."

Ere I sleep, for ev - ry fa - vor This day show'd

By my God, I do bless my Sa - viour.

Come, ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s. WEBBE.

Come, ye dis-con - solate, wher-e'er you lan-guish, Come, at the

The first system of music is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

mercy-seat fer - vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that

The third system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

heaven cannot heal. Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your

The fourth system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cau-not heal.

The fifth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Folsom. 11s & 10s.

MOZART.

Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-

ri - zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

Lyons. 11s & 10s.

HAYDN.

Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter proclaim, And pub-lish a-

broad his won - der - ful name: The name all - vic - to - rious of

Lyons.

Je-sus ex-tol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules o-ver all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Peoria, or Eden. 12s, 11s.

{ How sweet to re-lect on the joys that a-wait me In yon bliss-ful
Where glo-ri-fied spi-rits with welcome shall greet me And lead me to

region, the ha-ven of rest, } En-cir-cled with light, and with glory en-
mansions prepared for the blest! } I'll bathe in the o-ccean of plea-sure un-

shrouded, My hap-pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
bounded, And range with delight thro' the [OMIT.] E-den of Love,

Scotland. 12s.

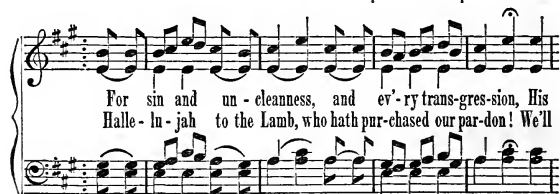
Dr. CLARKE.



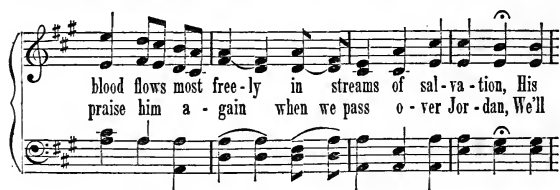
The voice of free grace cries, Es-cape to the moun-tain! For



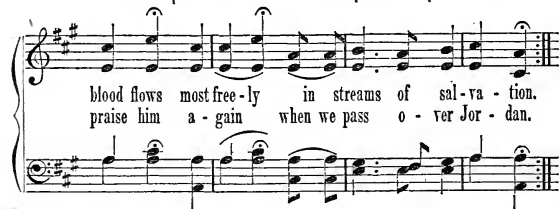
A - dam's lost race Christ hath o - pen'd a foun - tain;



For sin and un - cleanness, and ev'-ry trans-gres-sion, His
Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath pur - chased our par-don! We'll



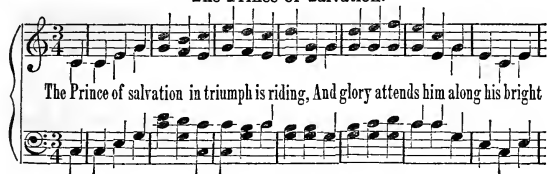
blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion, His
praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan, We'll



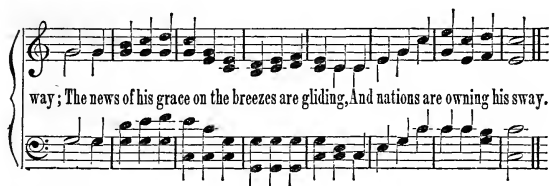
blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion.
praise him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

Burlington. 12s, 11s & 8s.

"The Prince of Salvation."

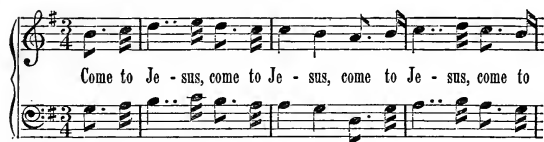


The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding, And glory attends him along his bright



way; The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding, And nations are owning his sway.

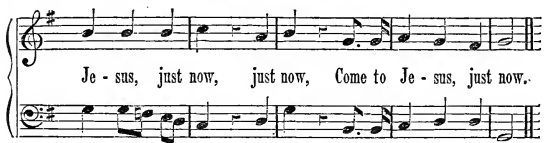
Come to Jesus.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to

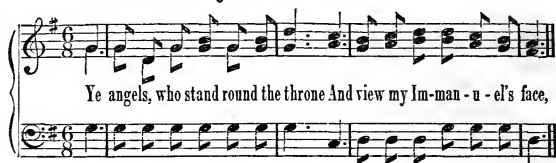


Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to

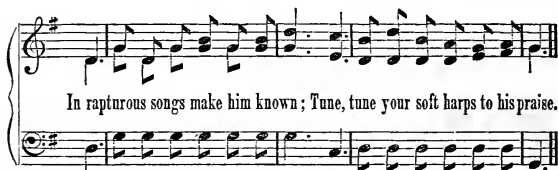


Je - sus, just now, just now, Come to Je - sus, just now.

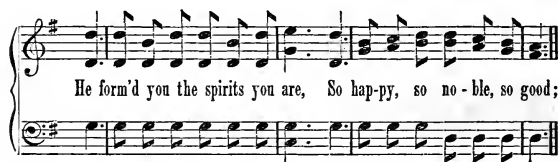
De Fleury. 8s.



Ye angels, who stand round the throne And view my Im-man - u - el's face,



In rapturous songs make him known ; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.



He form'd you the spirits you are, So hap-py, so no - ble, so good ;



When others sunk down in de-spair, Confirm'd by his pow-er, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat :
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,
 He ransom'd from death and despair,
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.

Dove.

Fine. D. C.

Help me to praise thy name While I am young; } Angels from the skies Will look
Let me thy truth proclaim With my infant tongue: } down with gladsome eyes.
D. C. When thy prais-es rise, By in - fants sung. D. C.

Felton. 9s & 8s.

Bread of the world, in mer-cy broken! Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed;

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken!
Look on the tears by sinners shed!
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Happy Voices. 8s, 8s, & 6s.

Hark! those happy voices, saying, "Yet there's room, Heaven's call obeying."
Sin-ner! come,

Homeward Bound.*

Arr. by J. W. DADMUN.

Out on an o - cean all-bound-less we ride, We're homeward
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're, etc.
D. C. Pro-mise of which on us each he bestow'd, We're, etc.

Fine.
bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we're

D. C.
rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce-les-tial a-bode,
D. C.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
Join in our number, oh, come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

* From the "Sabbath-School Bell," by permission of H. Waters.

I'm a Pilgrim. P. M.

Fine.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

Do not detain me, for I am go - ing To where the rivers are ever flow-ing.

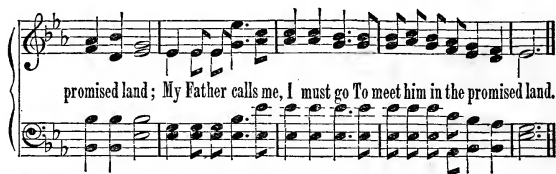
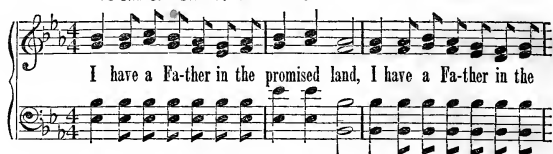
Kenaz. 7s, 8s.

Je - sus lives, and so shall I.....: Death, thy
D. C. He shall raise me with the just.....: Je - sus

sting is gone for - ev - er; He who deign'd for me to
is my hope and trust.

die Lives, the bands of death to ser-er.

Land of Promise.



2 I have a Saviour in the promised land;
 My Saviour calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;
 My Saviour calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.

3 I hope to meet you in the promised land;
 At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
 We'll praise him in the promised land.
 We'll away to the promised land;
 At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
 We'll praise him in the promised land.

Lucas.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B58, C59, D59, E59, 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No Night in Heaven.

W. B. BRADBURY.



First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No night shall be in heaven! no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious

T. S.



Second system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

landscape ev-er come; No tears shall fall in sad-ness o'er those flow'rs That



Third system of musical notation. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers. No night shall be in heaven.

2 No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power;
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.
No night shall be in heaven.

3 No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.
No night shall be in heaven.

4 No night shall be in heaven,—no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever, there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
No night shall be in heaven.

Oiga. 8s & 4s.

God of eve-ning and of morn-ing, Great Source of all! }
While our hearts with love are burn-ing, Pros - trate we fall; }

Now thy sa-cred throne ad-dress-ing, And our fol-lies all con-fess-ing,

We en-treat a Fa-ther's bless-ing: Lord, hear our call.


Pomeroy. 7s, 5s.

Lord of mercy and of might, } Maker, Tea-cher, Infi-nite, Jesus, hear and save. }
Of mankind the life and light, }

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,—
Jesus, hear and save.

Shining Shore.*

G. F. Root.

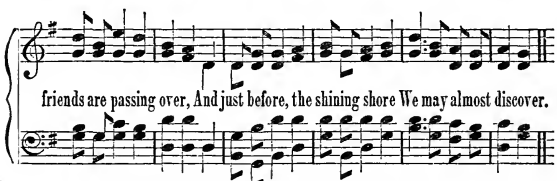


My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them

Chorus.



as they fly, Those hours of toil and danger! For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our



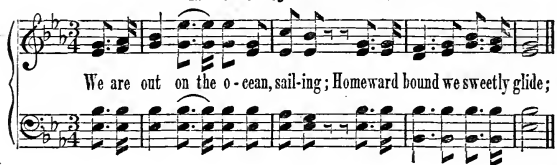
friends are passing over, And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

* From the "Sabbath-School Bell," by permission of H. Waters.

Shrub Oak.

Words and Music by C. DUNBAR.

"A Home Beyond the Tide."



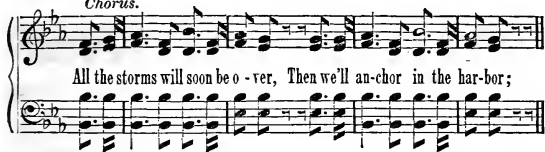
We are out on the o - cean, sail-ing; Homeward bound we sweetly glide;



We are out on the o - cean, sail-ing To a home beyond the tide.

Shrub Oak.

Chorus.



All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an-chor in the har-bor;



We are out on the o-cean, sail-ing To a home beyond the tide

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, &c.

3 Come on board, and "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel's weighing anchor;
You will soon be left behind.
All the storms, &c.

4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore;
By-and-by we'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.
All the storms, &c.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing;
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms, &c.

6 When we all are safely anchor'd
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing for ever more.
All the storms, &c.

Sibleyville.* P. M.

S. C. FOSTER.

"Sorrow shall come again no more."

What to me are earth's pleasures, and what its flowing tears? What are

all the sor-rows I de-plore? There's a song ev-er swelling, still

ling-ers on my ears: Oh, sor-row shall come a-gain no more!

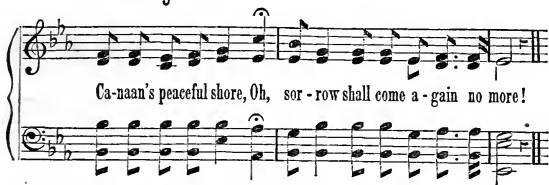
Chorus.

'Tis a song from the home of the wea-ry; Sor-row, sor-row

is for-ev-er o'er; Hap-py now - ev-er hap-py on

* By permission of Firth, Pond & Co., N. Y.

Sibleyville.



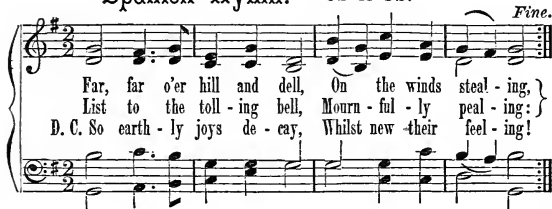
2 I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;
I covet not this world's gilded store:
There are voices now calling from the bright realms of day,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
'Tis a song, &c.

3 Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my life away,
With a lone heart still clinging to the shore,
Yet I hear happy voices which ever seem to say,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!
'Tis a song, &c.

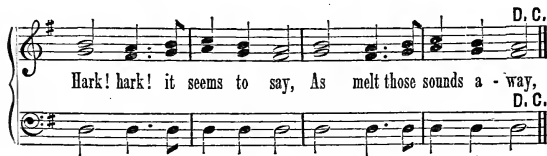
4 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'Tis a song that I've heard upon the shore;
'Tis a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.
'Tis a song, &c.

5 'Tis the loud-pealing anthem,—the victor's holy song,
Where the strife and the conflict are o'er;
Which the saved ones forever, in joyous notes, prolong,
Oh, sorrow shall come again no more.
'Tis a song, &c.

Spanish Hymn. 6s & 5s.



Far, far o'er hill and dell, On the winds steal - ing, }
List to the toll - ing bell, Mourn - ful - ly peal - ing: }
D. C. So earth - ly joys de - cay, Whilst new - their feel - ing!



Hark! hark! it seems to say, As melt those sounds a-way,
D. C.

Unity.



2 When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never, no, never.

Violet. 8s & 7s.

1st time.

Je - sus Christ, my Lord and Saviour, Once became a child like me: }
 Oh that in my whole be - ha - vior [OMIT.....] }
 D. C. But the Lord was meek and lowly,

2d & 3d time.

Fine.

He my pat - tern still might be! All my na - ture
 And was nev - er known to sin.

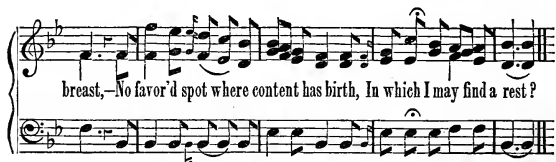
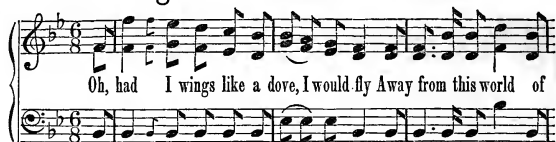
is un - ho - ly; Pride and pas - sion dwell with - in;
 D.C.

Will you go?

We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go? } Mil-
 To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go? Will you go? }
 D. C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

lions have reach'd that blest a - bode, A - noint-ed kings and priests to God,
 D. C.

Wings of a Dove.



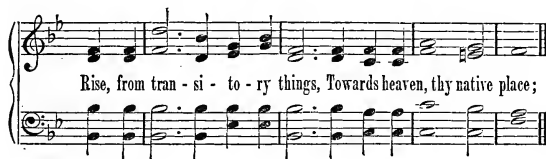
- 2 Oh, is it not written, "Believe and live"?
 The heart, by bright hope allured,
 Shall find the comfort these words can give,
 And be by its faith assured.
 Then why should we fear the cold world's frown,
 When truth to the heart has given
 The light of religion to guide us on
 In joy to the paths of heaven?
- 3 There is, there is, in thy holy word,
 Thy word which can ne'er depart,
 There is a promise of mercy stored,
 For the lowly and meek at heart.
 "My yoke is easy, my burden light;
 Then come unto me for rest;"
 These, these are the words of promise stored
 For the wounded and weary breast.

Ashton. 7s & 6s.

C. EVEREST.



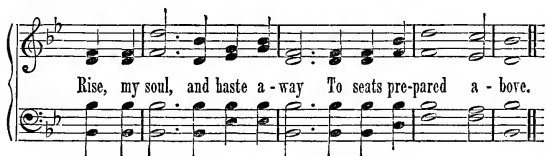
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace;



Rise, from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heaven, thy native place;

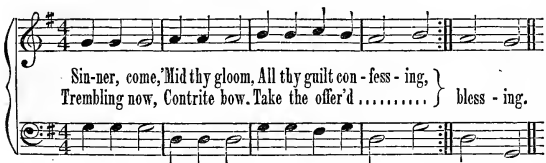


Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move:



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

Zalah. 8s & 6s.



Sin - ner, come, 'Mid thy gloom, All thy guilt con - fess - ing, }
Trembling now, Contrite bow. Take the offer'd } bless - ing.

The Lord is my Shepherd.



- 1 { The Lord is my shepherd;
I | shall not | want.
- 2 { He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still | wa — | ters.
- 3 { He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me
In the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.
- 4 { Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they | *p* comfort | me.
- 5 { Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil; | my | cup . . runneth | over.
- 6 { Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for- | ev — | er. || A-|men.

Father, I know.



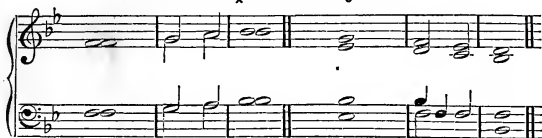
- 1 { Father, I know thy ways are just, Al- | though to me un- | known. ||
Oh, grant me grace thy love to trust, And cry, | "Thy will be | done."
- 2 { If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path, Should | wealth and
friends be- | gone, || Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry, |
"Thy will be | done."
- 3 { Although thy steps I cannot trace, Thy | sovereign right I'll | own; ||
And, as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
- 4 { 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie Be- | fore thy gracious | throne, ||
Concerning every thing to cry, "My Father's | will be | done."

I will Arise.



- 1 I will arise, and go unto my Father, and will . . | say unto | him, ||
- 2 Father, I have sinned against heav'n and be- | fore | thee, ||
- 3 And am no more worthy to be called . . . | thy | son. || A - . . | men.

I will lift up mine eyes.



- 1 { I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh . . my | help.
- 2 { My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made | heaven . . and | earth.
- 3 { He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.
He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
- 4 { Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither | slumber . . nor | sleep.
- 5 { The Lord is thy keeper;
The sun is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.
- 6 { The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the | *p* moon by | night.
- 7 { The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
- 8 { The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore. | A- | men.

Gloria Patri.*

M. WALKER.



- 1 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost.
- 2 As it was in the beginning, | is | now, || and ever | shall be, | world
without end. A- | men. ||

* This chant is adapted to the BENEDICTUS.

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